To the WORSHIPFUL

WILLIAM FRANCIS, Esq. MAYOR,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants

of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,

By their most obedient humble Servant,

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, from the 21st of *December* 1791, to the 21st of *December* 1792; including Persons (in Number 7) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the Meeting in *College-Lane*, 10; the Meeting on the Green, 0; at the Chapel in *King's-Head Lane*, 0; and the Quakers Burying-Ground, 1.

DISEASES in the Parish of *All-Saints*.

Abortive and Stilborn	5	Chincough -	7	Dropsy - -	4	Mortification -	1
Accidental - -	1	Consumptions -	30	Fevers - -	9	Palsy - - -	1
Aged - -	7	Convulsion -	2	Fits - -	6	Rupture - -	1
Consumed by Fire -	8	Croop - -	1	Jaundice -	1	Stagnation of Blood	1

Small-Pox - -	14		
Suddenly -	3		
Teeth - -	2		

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	29	Ten and Twenty -	7	Forty and Fifty -	9	Seventy and Eighty -	4
Between Two and Five	13	Twenty and Thirty -	5	Fifty and Sixty -	7	Eighty and Ninety -	3
Five and Ten -	5	Thirty and Forty -	12	Sixty and Seventy -	5	Ninety and an Hundred	0

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	56	59	115	49	50	99
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	12	18	30	23	49	72
St. GILES'S. - -	25	20	45	27	24	51
St. PETER'S. - -	3	4	7	4	5	9
In the whole Town.	96	101	197	103	128	231
The Meeting in ST. PETER'S Parish, 13.	Increased - -		43	Increased - -		73

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Quiq; metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumq; Acherontis avari! VIRG.

Happy the Mortal, who has trac'd effects
To their first Cause, cast Fear beneath his Feet
And Death, and roaring Hell's voracious Fires!

THANKLESS for Favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon;
Though 'tis his Privilege to die,
Would he improve the Boon:

But he, not wise enough to scan
His BEST Concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch Life's little Span
To *Ages*, if he might.

To Ages, in a world of Pain—
To Ages, where he goes
Gall'd by Afflictions heavy Chain,
And hopeless of Repose.

Strange Fondness of the human Heart,
Enamour'd of it's Harm!
Strange World—that costs it so much Smart,
And still has Pow'r to charm!

Whence has the World her magic Pow'r?
Why deem we Death a Foe?
Recoil from weary Life's best Hour,
And covet longer woe?

The Cause is Conscience—Conscience oft
Her Tale of Guilt renews;
Her Voice is terrible, though soft,
And Dread of Death ensues.

Then, anxious to be longer spar'd,
Man mourns his fleeting Breath;
All Evils, then, seem light, compar'd
With the Approach of Death.

'Tis Judgment shakes him—There's the Fear
That prompts his Wish to stay;
He has incurr'd a long Arrear,
And must despair to pay.

Pay!—Follow CHRIST, and ALL *is* paid;
His Death your Peace insures;
Think on the Grave where HE was laid,
And *calm descend* to YOURS.

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